

Dog Dinners and the Eugenists; Heine and Honus Make Speakings

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H EINE—That was a howling swell affair society gave the other day.

Honus—Where was that?

Heine—At the Hotel Vander-bilk.

Honus—Was you there?

Heine—I should say not. It was a luncheon given by a half a dozen society women in honor of their pups.

Honus—You mean their husbands?

Heine—No. Their dogs. Dog lunches and Klondike dinner parties are quite the thing nowadays. If you ain't invited out to sit down and eat with dog you ain't in snappy society at all.

Honus—That's why there are so many divorces in society.

Heine—Why?

Honus—Because so many women treat their pups better than their husbands.

Heine—Well, do you think the pup would be better if a society woman treated her husband like a dog?

Honus—Sure. When a man marries a society woman nowadays the dog has got all the best of it. She calls the dog pet names, she takes him out auto-driving, she invites him to swell dinners, she even lets her dog lick her when he wants to, and you bet she wouldn't let her husband do that.

Heine—It might be a good thing if he did.

Honus—He ain't got a chance. She wouldn't even let him do that.

Heine—You can't blame him for wanting to take to the club.

Honus—There is only one way in which she would let him take to the club on the same footing as a dog.

Heine—And what is that?

Honus—She makes him work like one.

Heine—That's where I give the ministers credit. They are speaking against dog dinners.

Honus—You can't blame them. Lots of our swell ministers like to attend society dinners themselves and they don't like to see them going to the dogs.

Heine—How would you feel to have your appetite all served up in an elaborate dinner and have it called off at the last minute because the guest of honor had the mange?

Honus—Besides such a dinner would have too much of a curry flavor.

Heine—That is the least. Suppose you attended a banquet at the St. Regis and the lady who had to take in to dinner had fleas?

Heine—It would be even worse if you invited your neighbor to have a bite of a stew and she took a bite out of your leg.

Honus—But there's one good thing. Society women give dinners to monkey's any more.

Heine—They don't have to. They give dinners to dogs and make monkeys out of themselves.

Honus—I tell you one thing, Heine, if rich people don't stop giving dog lunches and dinners like that, they are going to come to a terrible continuation.

Heine—There's only way to stop it.

Honus—And how is that?

Heine—Do what the Eugenists say.

Honus—And what is a Eugenist?

Heine—Eugenist is a fellow that

tells you whether you should be born or not.

Honus—What does Eugene know about it?

Heine—Not Eugene. Eugenist. He knows more about your pups than you do yourself. All he's got to do is to look at your wife and he can tell you how many of your children are going to be burglars, politicians or honest men.

Honus—I see. I see. Then if a Eugenist had seen your parents, you did, they would have been saved all the trouble.

Heine—You don't understand. What the Eugenist says is that parents should be selected scientifically. Everything must be done to improve the breed. Children should be raised with the same care and attention that we give to bringing up dogs, cows and horses.

Honus—But how many children would like to be brought up like a horse?

Heine—You don't bring 'em up like a horse.

Honus—Well, what do you do?

Heine—You pick out parents for the child so that the offspring will be what you want.

Honus—And if the parents did their own picking.

Heine—My parents are good enough for me. I wouldn't let no Eugenist or anybody else pick out parents for me.

Honus—You don't have nothing to say about it. A Eugenist is a smart man. He knows just what kind of parents you ought to have. And what they want is to have the government take over all marriages so that nobody can be born unless their parents are guaranteed.

Honus—You mean they want to have the right to say whether I'm going to be born or not?

Heine—Exactly.

Honus—And before we can have a law we got to get an O. K. from them.

Heine—Yes.

Honus—And I couldn't be a father to my own children without their permission?

Heine—That's the idea. And let me tell you if ever the Eugenists get in charge it will be pretty tough for you.

Honus—Why for me?

Heine—Because you see they wouldn't allow the feeble-minded to get married or have children.

Honus—But everybody that gets married is feeble-minded.

Heine—That's very true. But what they want to do is to make everybody submit to an examination before they get married. And if they can't get a clean bill of health—no wedding bells for them.

Honus—According to that you'd have to train to get married just like training a dog.

Heine—Ain't no pretty nearly the same as another?

Honus—No.

Heine—Why not?

Honus—In a prize fight they don't let it go more than 45 rounds, and if it gets too one-sided and brutal it

is stopped by the police, but in marriage no matter how one-sided and brutal it is, it's got to go to a finish.

Heine—That's got nothing to do with Eugenics. And let me tell you they've got the right idea. According to them, before you can make love to a girl you got to produce a certificate from a doctor showing that you are sound in mind and body and that she can make love to you she's got to show you the same kind of a certificate. And if either one of you can't produce such a certificate you can't get married.

Honus—Imagine a fellow falling in love with a girl and he can't produce a certificate. Instead of sending her his love letters and candy he'd be sending her prescriptions and pills.

Heine—But think what it would do for the race.

Honus—When a fellow is in love what does he care for the race?

Heine—That's just the trouble. That's why the race is producing such bum stock. If the principles of Eugenicism were carried out, every fellow that you was fit in every way to improve the race before she would marry you.

Honus—That would be an awful thing.

Heine—Why?

Honus—How would a fellow feel when he got married to a girl to have to go down on his knees and say: "Darling, my lungs are good, my liver is fine, my pulse is 72, my circulation is great, my temperature (until I look at you) is 99 in the shade, and my digestion is perfect. Be mine!" And she would answer: "Sweetheart, I can never be yours. I love you, but I got the pip."

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MRS. DECKER DES IN SAN FRANCISCO

One of Foremost Women of
Country—President of
Women's Clubs.

San Francisco, Calif., July 8.—Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, of Denver, former president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, died here at 8:20 last night, following an operation for intestinal trouble. Her daughter, Miss Harriet Platt, of Denver, was present.

The operation was performed Friday and Mrs. Decker rallied immediately. Until last night her condition was considered hopeful, but after a change for the worse in the evening, she sank steadily.

One of Foremost Women in Nation.

Denver, Colo., July 8.—The death of Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker marks the passing of one of the foremost women in the nation. She was widely known as a distinguished club woman, philanthropist, leader of woman's suffrage and tireless worker in many public spirited movements.

It was due much to her efforts that the Denver Women's club became one

of the most useful and widely known in America, and it was because of her recognized ability that the National Federation of Women's Clubs elected her their national president at St. Louis in 1904.

Native of Vermont.

Mrs. Decker whose maiden name was Sarah Sophia Chase, was born at McIndoe Falls, Vt., her mother being a descendant of the famous Adams family of Massachusetts.

Her father, John Decker, was a prominent temperance advocate.

The late Sarah Chase received a high school education and made her debut into public at Holyoke, Mass., where she was made one of the members of a board of trustees for the distribution of funds left for the deserving poor.

At Queens, Long Island, where she went after her first marriage, Mrs. Decker was active in the work of the orphan's home and the child welfare movement, but on her advent in Denver, in 1887, and she was known in the restricted circles of her own social set.

Active in Politics.

Long before the Denver Women's club was organized, in 1894, and she elected its first president, Mrs. Decker gave her money and support to the campaign for woman's suffrage. In the first campaign of Bryan, Mrs. Decker took an active part. During the second Bryan campaign she presided at one of the largest political mass meetings ever held in the United States by a woman.

Mrs. Decker became the first woman member of the Colorado state board of pardons and in 1898 was appointed a member of the Colorado board of charities and corrections.

Weekend Dance Is Largely Attended.

Horseback Riding and Picnic Parties Clouderoff Diversions.

Clouderoff, N. M., July 8.—The Saturday evening dance, held at the Lodge, was the largest dance of the season. Fully 190 couples enjoyed the occasion. The next dance will be held at the pavilion tonight.

The weather continues cool and clear and many horseback and picnic parties are seen daily. The golf links also afford much pleasure to the guests and cottagers.

Mr. B. Stevens spent Saturday and Sunday with his family.

M. E. Davis, of El Paso, was among the visitors in Clouderoff Sunday.

Mr. J. B. Davis, of El Paso, was here Sunday, spending the week end at the Lodge.

M. A. Hart and D. Hart, Jr., of Pumpville, Texas, left Sunday after spending a month at the Lodge.

Mr. C. J. Mescalero, N. M., spent Saturday and Sunday at the Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Coleman, of Mineral Wells, Texas, are guests at the Lodge.

Among those registering at the Lodge are: Mr. E. L. Early, Washington, D. C.; Mr. T. H. J. Sutherland, James A. Carroll, Mescalero, N. M.; David Schwartz, J. B. Caden, El Paso; Las Cruces, D. E. W. J. Dorsey, El Paso; H. W. Coleman, El Paso; H. W. Coleman and wife, Mineral Wells, Texas; A. Foster, Chicago; L. C. Roswell, El Paso; H. L. Dorsey, El Paso; W. J. B. Banner, D. H. Thomas, El Paso; W. S. Crawford, El Paso; Scrivener and son, J. C. W. Ligueros and son, E. T. Clements and wife, Mrs. Forsythe, Mrs. Dan Forsythe, T. R. Rogers, El Paso; H. B. Jones, Tucuman, Ariz.; S. M. Johnson, El Paso; H. A. Michelson, St. Louis; C. L. Ford, D. C. Huntington, Frank Wood, M. B. Davis, E. W. Fox and wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bradford, Clark Bradford, D. B. Smith, El Paso.

"Pa is immensely pleased to hear you are a poet."

"Oh, very D. You see, the last fellow I had that he tried to kick was a football player."

"How can I ever keep this house quiet?"

"Shut it up."

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Or apply to your local agent for round-trip fares, tickets and sleeping car accommodations.

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